Black Fiction
EVIL
STORIES
SOME STORIES WANT YOU
JESSE DAVID TRIPP

BLACK FICTION

EVIL STORIES

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THE NIGHT JANITOR-BLACK FICTION EVIL STORIES

The old slave museum closed at six o'clock every evening. Few customers wanted the old rusty building full of painful relics and rude staff.

But Marcus came in at nine. It was his shift. A solitary man not quick to yell, had returned from the tire factory, his new gig was sweet, he was museum security hired by, Mrs. Clara an 77 year old black woman and museum curator, they didn’t have many guest but the city paid for the land mark to remain, staffed by only seven people it was ideal job for old Marcus quiet personal and most importantly forty hours a week.

He had worked there for almost three years, and he had learned never to ask why the basement lights sometimes turned on by themselves. Or any of the other strange oddities that happened at a chance at that old building.

His job was simple: empty the trash, mop the floors, clean the bathrooms, and make sure every exhibit was locked. The pay was ok , not great but Marcus liked working for by himself, a pair of head phones was all he

needed to feel motivated, and occasional red bull once or twice a night.

The museum was built inside an old plantation house. A solid building eerily quiet at times.

During the day, schoolchildren walked through its rooms and listened to stories about the people who had once been forced to live there.

At night, the building felt completely different.

One Tuesday evening, Marcus was mopping the hallway when he heard footsteps upstairs.

Slow.

Bare feet against wooden floors.

Step. By step

Step. Step.

Marcus stopped.

“Hello?” “Uh were closed” he said before turning around in a circle.

The footsteps stopped too. Almost as if they were hiding but who could get in here anyway?

He laughed nervously.

“Probably just the pipes.”

Then a child's voice whispered from upstairs.

“Please don't lock us in.”

Marcus dropped the mop. “What the hell is this?”

He ran upstairs. Frantic looking in every direction

Nobody was there. No one not even a mouse

But one of the exhibit doors was open. As if it had been tampered with

The room contained an old wooden cabin recreation.

Marcus walked inside. Slowly he inspected taking off his head phones

The door slammed behind him. A whisper was heard talking chatting.

He grabbed the handle.

It wouldn't open.

Then he heard scratching underneath the floor.

Scratch.

Scratch.

Scratch.

A small voice whispered:

“Are they gone?”

Marcus stepped backward.

The scratching became louder.

Then dozens of tiny hands began pounding underneath the floorboards.

BOOM.

BOOM.

BOOM.

Marcus finally forced the door open and ran.

He didn't stop until he reached the security office.

The cameras showed something strange.

Every exhibit room had someone standing inside it.

A woman.

A man.

A child.

People who weren't supposed to be there.

Marcus watched the monitor.

The figures slowly turned toward the camera.

Then every screen went black.

The museum lights shut off.

Marcus heard footsteps behind him.

He slowly turned.

A woman stood in the doorway.

She wore an old, torn dress. Motionless and cold she gazed upon him

Her face was covered in dirt. She looked matted and abused

She looked at Marcus and said:

“You work here every night.”

Marcus couldn't speak.

She stepped closer.

“Then you know what happened here.”

Marcus whispered, “I know.”

“No,” she said. His hair stood upon the back of his neck who was this woman and why was she speaking to him, and why did she not look alive.

“You know what they wrote down.”

She pointed toward the hallway.

“You don't know what happened.”

The lights suddenly came back on.

She was gone. In an instant gone!

Marcus ran outside and never returned.

The next morning, the museum director found his keys sitting on the security desk.

Beside them was an old photograph that had never been part of the museum collection.

It showed a group of enslaved workers standing outside the plantation house.

At the very back stood Marcus.

Wearing his janitor uniform.

And underneath the photograph, someone had written:

HE WORKS HERE NOW.

That night, the museum's security cameras recorded a janitor pushing a mop through the hallway.

But Marcus had never come back. Oddly he was never seen again.

And the figure on the camera wasn't cleaning.

He was counting the doors. One by one.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four. And paused

And behind every door, something was knocking back .

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE CADILLAC MAN

In the quiet town of Misty Falls, a shadowy figure wandered through the streets at night often gone un-noticed a seeming harmless old man , sending chills down the spines of everyone who felt his presence, and aura of the dead and damned claimed him . The man’s name was Charles, but residents knew him as the evil Voodoo Demon, the Cadillac man. He was a tall figure, cloaked in darkness, and had a smile that twisted on his face, hiding the malice in his heart jealous creature obsessed with immortality. For years, he prowled the city, snatching unsuspecting victims and dragging them into the hellish dimension known as Voo-dalla many victims the black the poor or the unaware. This story is about his victims ……read on

Misty Falls was a small town that came alive every Friday night with the sounds of cheering fans, bright lights, and the thrill of a live football game. This particular evening, the entire town buzzed with

excitement, it was raw real and uncut. The local team, the Misty Falls Hawks, was in the championship game, and everyone gathered at the stadium. Among them was Fred Hanes, the team’s star running back. He was a symbol of hope and strength, loved by everyone in the town the team had done well since he had been drafted.

As the game progressed, Fred spun, dodged, and weaved his way through defenders with the grace of a dancer, he danced and danced and the fans cheered and cheered. The fans

Erupted with every move he made. Just as the clock ticked down to the last minute, Fred broke through the defense and sprinted toward the end zone. He dashed with all his might, and at that moment, the crowd held their breath. With a final push, he leaped over the defensive line, to score the final touchdown. Cheers exploded from the stands, making the night seem perfect. “‘arrararararrraaah” the crowd roared as he cleared the defenders.

But as Fred landed in the end zone, a strange darkness descended over the stadium. The lights flickered, and the cheers suddenly stopped. Viewers watching from home gasped as they saw Fred vanish into thin air, a spark of red flashing light and smoke rose from the ground leaving behind only a cloud of shadow. The camera cut to a bewildered announcer, but no one understood what had just happened. Assuming it was a promo act some still cheered but most were confused completely.

Meanwhile, Fred found himself alone, engulfed in darkness, surrounded by towering trees. The forest was eerie, a place where light seemed afraid to shine. He realized he was no longer in Misty Falls or in the stadium but in Voodalla, and fear gripped him tight. The trees whispered secrets he didn’t want to hear, and the ground trembled beneath him. As he stood frozen in

fear, a growl echoed through the woods, chilling him to the bone.

From the shadows emerged the Hell Hounds, their eyes glowing like embers in the dark. They had sharp teeth and cruel, hungry smiles. Fred’s heart raced as he turned to run, but the ground felt sticky, pulling at his feet. He stumbled and fell, looking up to see the terrifying creatures closing in on him. “what the heck kind of promo is this?” he said looking around for the camera men and announcers.

Back in the stadium, chaos erupted. Fans screamed and rushed to find their loved ones. Fred’s best friend, Mark, could not believe his eyes. He had seen Fred vanish right before his eyes, and panic coursed through him. He ran to find some help. “We need to get Fred back!” Mark shouted to the coaches and players who were gathered in shock.

Then, he heard it: a low growl that echoed through the trees. His heart pounded in his chest as he spun around, trying to locate the source of the sound. From the shadows emerged a pair of glowing red eyes. Then another pair, and another. He was surrounded by voodoo- hounds, their fangs bared, their bodies lean and menacing.

Fear gave way to adrenaline. Fred knew he had to run.

He was a football player, after all; running was what he did best. He took

off, his cleats sinking into the soft earth, the hellhounds hot on his heels. They were fast, faster than anything he had ever encountered. Their snarls and snapping jaws were inches from his legs.

He dodged and weaved through the trees, his lungs burning, his muscles screaming in protest. The hounds were relentless, their guttural growls filling the air. He leaped over a fallen log, narrowly avoiding a lunging hound. Desperation fueled his every move. He was Fred Hanes, star running back, and he wasn't going to become dog food.

One particularly large hound lunged at him, and Fred reacted instinctively. He drop-kicked it in the snout, sending it yelping into a tree. It bought him a few precious seconds. He scanned the surroundings, desperate for an escape. In the distance, he spotted a small, dark opening in a rocky hillside. It looked like a cave, barely big enough to crawl through, but it was his only chance.

He sprinted towards it, the hounds closing in. He dove headfirst into the opening, scraping his knees and elbows on the rough stone. He scrambled forward, deeper into the darkness, until he was completely inside. He turned and saw that the opening was indeed a small door and he managed to push it closed

with his legs. The hounds slammed against the door, their claws scraping

Against the stone, their snarls echoing in the confined space.

Breathing heavily, Fred pushed against the door, using all his strength to keep it shut. After a while, he could no longer hear the hounds banging at the door. Silence. When he was sure they had gone he moved away from the door. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he realized he was not in a cave. He was in some kind of chamber. The floor was covered in a thick layer of something dry and brittle. He reached down and touched it. It was bone.

He scrambled back, his heart pounding in his chest. He looked around the chamber and saw that it was filled with bones, skulls, and other macabre remnants. He was lying in a bed of dry bones and skulls. A wave of nausea washed over him. Where was he?
How did he get here? And what were those ugly laughing hounds?

As he lay there, gasping for breath, he heard a faint whisper in his mind. It was a voice, cold and malevolent, that seemed to come from the very depths of the chamber. "You are not meant to be here, Fred Hanes," the voice hissed. "But now that you are, you

will serve your purpose."

J RIDE AND GBOY THE ARRIVAL

The vortex spat J Ride and G-boy out like unwanted luggage. One moment they were chilling at Brandon's lit house party in the sky box, the next, they were blinking in the dim light of a forest that felt older than time. The air hung thick and cold, clinging to their skin like a damp shroud.

"Yo, where the heck are we?" J Ride's voice was swallowed by the trees, barely audible above the rustling leaves.

Gboy, ever the pragmatist, pulled out his phone. "No signal, man. Classic." He tried again, then again, but the screen remained stubbornly blank. "Brandon set us up, I swear. This has got to be one of his dumb pranks."

They started walking, the dirt road crunching beneath their sneakers. The forest pressed in on either side, a wall of gnarled trees and tangled

undergrowth. Strange shadows danced in their peripheral vision, making them jumpy.

"I hear something," J Ride said, stopping abruptly.

G-boy listened. Faint, muffled shouts echoed through the trees. "Sounds like... people from the party? But distant, like they're miles away."

They yelled back, their voices raw and desperate, but only silence answered. Panic began to gnaw at the edges of their bravado. This was no prank. This was something else entirely.

As they continued their trek, the road began to twist and turn, leading them deeper into the forest's heart. Suddenly, a bus materialized out of thin air, its headlights cutting through the gloom. Hope surged through them, only to be extinguished as the bus, a vintage model with peeling paint and grimy windows, vanished just as quickly as it had appeared, leaving only the lingering scent of decay in its wake.

"What in the actual...?" Gboy stammered, his eyes wide.

"This place is messed up, man," J Ride muttered, his swagger replaced by a palpable fear. "Real messed

up."

They pressed on, their conversation dwindling into uneasy silence. The forest seemed to be watching them, the trees like

silent sentinels guarding a dark secret.

Driven by a desperate need to escape the oppressive atmosphere of the road, they ventured into the woods. The undergrowth snagged at their clothes, and the air grew heavy with the smell of damp earth and something else, something indefinably rotten.

"I feel like we're being followed," J Ride whispered, his eyes darting nervously around.

Gboy shook his head, trying to appear braver than he felt. "Nah, man, it's just the trees. Your mind's playin' tricks on you."

But he felt it too – a prickling sensation at the back of his neck, the sense of unseen eyes watching their every move. They quickened their pace, their breath coming in ragged gasps.
This wooded area was strange to them, they had been to every area in misty falls and never seen these type of trees and mountains before.

Then, they heard it – a soft, rhythmic chanting,

carried on the wind. It was a low, guttural sound that sent shivers down their spines.

"What is that?" J Ride croaked.

"I don't want to know," Gboy said, grabbing his friend's arm. "Let's get outta here."

They stumbled through the undergrowth, the chanting growing louder with each step.

Brandon’s feast party j-ride gboy

The City of Misty Falls was a place where the nights bled into days, fueled by neon lights and pulsing beats. It was a city of excess, where rules were suggestions and pleasure was the only law. High above the chaos, in a skyscraper that pierced the clouds, Brandon, son of Charles, was throwing a party.

Brandon wasn't your typical host. He had eyes that seemed to hold ancient secrets and a smile that could charm the devil himself – a fitting trait, considering his lineage. Twenty-five couples, the city's elite, had received his exclusive invitation. They arrived in limousines and sports cars, dressed in their finest, ready to indulge in whatever Brandon had planned.

Inside, the penthouse throbbed with music. The bass vibrated through the floor, reaching up to tickle their chests. Lights flashed, painting the room in a kaleidoscope of colors. Drinks flowed freely, each concoction more potent than the last.
Brandon moved through the crowd, a predator in his

own domain, making sure everyone was having an unforgettable time.

"This is insane, Brandon," said Veronica, a socialite with a

penchant for drama, as she took a sip of her glowing cocktail. "You always know how to throw the best parties."

Brandon chuckled, his eyes glinting mischievously. "The night is still young, Veronica. I have a few surprises up my sleeve."

Hours passed in a blur of dancing, laughter, and whispered conversations. As the night reached its peak, Brandon took center stage. The music faded, and a hush fell over the room. All eyes were on him as he clapped his hands, a signal for his grand finale.

"My friends," he announced, his voice amplified through the speakers, "I have a special treat for you all. Something you won't find anywhere else."

He gestured towards a large, ornate closet that no one had noticed before. It stood against the far wall, its dark wood contrasting with the modern decor. A sense of anticipation filled the air, mixed with a touch of unease.

With a flourish, Brandon threw open the closet doors. Instead of clothes or storage, a swirling vortex of crimson energy filled the space. It pulsed and crackled, drawing the air towards it with a hungry force. Gasps echoed through the room as the partygoers stared in disbelief.

"What is that?" someone shouted over the rising wind.

Brandon's smile widened, revealing teeth that seemed a little too sharp. "A gateway," he said, his voice dripping with dark excitement. "A gateway to a place where your wildest dreams – and your darkest

nightmares – come true."

Panic erupted. People scrambled back, desperate to escape the mesmerizing pull of the vortex. But it was too late. The swirling red energy reached out, grabbing them one by one. Screams filled the air as couples were torn apart, sucked into the unknown.

Mark and Sarah, a young couple who had come to the party looking for a thrill, found themselves clinging to each other, fighting against the force that threatened to consume them.

"Mark, I'm scared!" Sarah cried, her voice barely audible above the roar of the vortex.

"Hold on!" Mark yelled back, his grip tightening around her hand. But it was no use. The vortex was too strong. They were pulled apart, their screams fading as they disappeared into the swirling red.

One by one, the guests vanished, their screams echoing in the penthouse before being swallowed by the void. In a matter of minutes, the room was empty, save for Brandon, who stood before the open closet, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"Enjoy your stay," he whispered to the empty space, before snapping his fingers and closing the doors, sealing the vortex once more.

Those who were unfortunate enough to be pulled into the vortex found themselves in a place unlike anything they had ever imagined. They landed in Voodalla, a dark and twisted forest where the trees clawed at the sky and the shadows danced with a life of their own. The air was thick with the smell of decay

and

the sound of unseen creatures rustling in the undergrowth.

As Mark stumbled to his feet, he realized he was alone. Sarah was nowhere to be seen. Panic set in as he called out her name, his voice trembling in the oppressive silence.

Suddenly, a pair of glowing eyes appeared in the darkness. A low growl echoed through the trees. Mark froze, his heart pounding in his chest. He could make out the shapes of large, wolf-like creatures surrounding him, their eyes burning with malevolent intent. But these were no ordinary wolves. They were twisted and deformed, with unnatural features and an aura of dark magic about them.

"What the hell are those things?" Mark muttered to himself, his voice barely a whisper.

Before he could react, the creatures lunged.

Meanwhile, Sarah found herself in a different part of the forest. She was surrounded by strange symbols carved into the trees, and the ground beneath her feet felt soft and spongy. The air hummed with an unsettling energy.

As she tried to get her bearings, she heard a chanting in the distance. Drawn by the sound, she cautiously made her way through the dense undergrowth. She came to a clearing where a group of figures in hooded robes danced around a bonfire. They were chanting in a language she didn't understand, their voices rising and falling in a hypnotic rhythm.

In the center of the circle, a figure stood tall and gaunt,

his face hidden behind a mask of bone. He raised his hands, and the

flames of the bonfire surged higher, casting eerie shadows across the clearing. Sarah realized with horror that she had stumbled upon some kind of dark ritual.

"This can't be happening," she whispered, her voice trembling with fear.

As the ritual reached its climax, the masked figure turned towards Sarah, his eyes piercing through the darkness. He raised a hand, and the chanting stopped. The figures in robes turned to face her, their eyes glowing with an unholy light.

Sarah knew she had to escape, but it was too late. They were already moving towards her, their hands outstretched, their intentions clear.

In the City of Misty Falls, the party was over. The music was silent, the lights were off, and the skyscraper stood empty, its dark windows reflecting the city's neon glow. Brandon, son of Charles, had achieved his goal. He had opened a gateway to a world of darkness and despair, and he had delivered his guests into its waiting arms. The city would soon forget about the vanished elite, chalking it up to another night of excess gone wrong. But in Voodalla, Mark and Sarah, along with the others, were about to discover the true meaning of Brandon's twisted game. Their nightmares had only just begun.

Mrs. t meets pam bowers

Mrs. T searched for answers for months, she did relent on trying to find Jason, and she then finally

found an old story at

a local museum about a so called demon summoned by a farmer named martini k bower, the demon fit the description of Mr. Charles to the tee, it was then she decided to track down his most current relative for answers.

The old gate creaked open, and Mrs. Tina Brightside, her face etched with seven months of worry, stepped onto the overgrown path leading to Pam Bowers’ farmhouse. "Brightside" was a cruel joke her husband often made; there was little brightness left in her life since Jason disappeared. Voodoo Ghost Voodalla, people whispered, had taken him.

The farmhouse stood isolated against the stormy sky, paint peeling like sunburnt skin. Pam Bowers, great-granddaughter of the infamous Martin K. Bowers, stood on the porch, watching her approach. Pam was a woman hardened by the land, her eyes holding secrets as old as the soil beneath their feet.

"Mrs. Brightside," Pam greeted, her voice raspy. "I heard you were coming."

Tina nodded, clutching a worn photograph of Jason. "It’s about my son... Jason. They say... they say Voodalla took him."

Pam led her inside. The house was filled with the smell of herbs and dust, the air thick with an unsettling stillness. "Voodalla takes many," she said, her voice echoing in the dimly lit room. "But why come to me?"

Tina’s voice trembled. "Because of your great-grandfather. Martin K. Bowers. He... he summoned Charles, they say. A demon. I need to know how. How he did it, and how... how do I stop Voodalla?"

Pam stared into the fire, her face unreadable. "Martin was a fool, driven by greed. He sought power, and Charles offered it in exchange for... things he couldn't comprehend."

"What things?" Tina pressed. "Tell me!"

"Souls, Mrs. Brightside. Memories. The essence of life

itself. Martin used an old book, bound in human skin, they say. The 'Grimoire Umbrarum'. It contained the rituals, the incantations... the gateway."

Tina’s breath hitched. "A gateway to where?"

"To the other side. Where beings like Charles reside. And where Voodalla holds sway." Pam turned, her eyes locking onto Tina’s. "You seek to enter that world?"

"I have to," Tina pleaded. "Jason is all I have left."

Pam sighed. "The Grimoire is gone, lost to time. But the knowledge... some of it remains." She walked to a dusty bookshelf and pulled out a smaller, leather-bound volume. "This is a fragment, a piece of Martin’s research. It speaks of Voodalla, of his power over the lost souls."

"Can it help me bring Jason back?"

"It can guide you, but it will not be easy. Voodalla

is a master of illusion, of fear. He feeds on despair. You must be strong, Mrs. Brightside, or he will consume you too."

Tina took the book, her hands shaking. "Tell me what to do."

Pam began to explain the ritual, the ingredients needed, the incantations that had to be spoken with unwavering conviction. As she spoke, a cold wind rattled the windows, and the fire in the hearth flickered wildly.

"You must find a crossroads, a place where the veil between worlds is thin," Pam instructed. "There, under the light of the full moon, you will perform the summoning.
But be warned, Mrs. Brightside. Once you open that door, you cannot be sure what will come through."

Days turned into nights as Tina gathered the necessary items. She felt a growing dread gnawing at her, but the image of Jason’s smiling face pushed her forward. Finally, the night of the full moon arrived.

She stood at the crossroads, the air thick with anticipation and fear. The wind howled like a banshee, and the shadows danced around her. With trembling hands, she opened the

book and began to chant the ancient words.

Tina remembered Pam's warning. Voodalla fed on despair. She forced herself to think of happy memories: Jason’s first steps, his graduation, and their laughter-filled summers.
As she focused on those moments, the locket in her hand began to glow. after hours of talking Mrs. t. left thanking pam for all that she knew, now more confused than ever, she was now convinced that the devil had taken her son.

BAD SERVICE -the prom night

The night was crisp and ripe, the lot cleared as the kids piled onto the bus after the school dance. bad jokes filled the air as they chattered about the trip home. The gym had been alive with bright lights and music, but now, it was time to head home. The regular bus driver couldn’t make it, inconvenient it would seem ,so Mr. Jones,

a substitute teacher, had stepped up as the chaperone. He was kind but a little strict, ensuring that the kids behaved while they waited for a new driver to arrive.

The students settled into their seats loud and musty , some still wearing their colorful dance outfits leaving crumbs and snacks in aisle , while others changed into comfy clothes, live chatted on phones and played rap songs on i-pod radio . Fiona, a bubbly girl with curly hair, whispered to her friends, Tom and Sasha , about how much fun they had dancing. Meanwhile, at the front of the bus, Mr. Jones tried to keep everyone in line. “Come on, you guys,” he said, “we have to wait for the driver to arrive.” he was tired. He didn't want to come in today but somebody had to.

Minutes turned into twenty, and just as the kids began to complain about how late it was getting, a bright light flashed outside the bus. The students glanced at the window, their faces lit with interest . The outline of a large, white Cadillac rolled smoothly up to the curb. A figure emerged, and as he stepped into the light, a collective gasp filled the bus.

The man was old and wore a large hat that shaded his eyes. Long gold chains hung around his neck, and a thick, braided beard flowed down

to his chest. There was something about him that felt unsettling. His presence was commanding but disturbing at the same time. He reached out to Mr. Jones to get the keys. Mr Jones then noticed what looked like , a small amount of blood on his hands. “I think you got a spot of blood there” he noted confused and a little scared. “blood?” “oh, that, that's tomato juice, when you get this age you will need alot of it my boy, he he , yea taking a crap is miracle at this age.” “Alright then, kids,” he boomed in a deep voice riddled with a strange accent , “I’m your new driver for the night, MR.C you can call me ” As he climbed aboard, the air in the bus seemed to shift.

“Mr. Jones, are we sure this guy is okay?” whispered Tom, glancing sideways at his friends. The substitute teacher looked equally uneasy but put on a brave face. “Just listen to him, kids. Let’s get home safe.” In head he thought to himself, where in the h-ll did they get this guy, they sure know how to pick them” none the less it was already pass eight and they wanted to drop the kids off at bus station to pick a ride with there parents. Wasn't a good fit but they didn't have a choice. A dead silence filled the air as he settled in.

The driver introduced himself as Mr. C. He had an

odd way of speaking, mixing strange phrases with laughter that sent shivers down the kids' spines. “Let’s take a little trip, shall we?” he said with a wide, unsettling grin his teeth stained his eyes wide and dead , he looked like something out a horror film rather than a driver . The tires began rolling and the door closed quickly bringing in the last of the cold night air. “quiet down children” Mr. Jones said loudly he didn't like all the noise.”

The bus started rolling down the dimly lit street. As they drove away from the school, the familiar streets faded. Everything around them turned dark, shadows loomed, and the moonlight struggled to shine through the thick trees lining the forgotten road. He didn't seem to know the way to the bus station or even the way to freeway .

“Where are we going I never seen this part of the city before ?” Fiona asked nervously, peering out the window. The road twisted downward, and the bus bounced along potholes as the darkness embraced them.

“Just a shortcut,” Mr. c replied, his tone almost playful. “Don’t worry, kids!” But there was an edge to his voice that made it hard to trust him.

Suddenly, the bus hit a bump, and everyone jolted. “Whoa!” said Sarah, gripping her seat. The kids began to murmur nervously at the chaotic driving. “Can you slow down?” Tom shouted, but Mr. C only laughed, seemingly enjoying the wild ride. He then lit up a cigar that was quickly stopped by Mr. Jones. “aye, you know this is a school bus right, you can’t smoke that on here” “right, a school bus” Mr. Charles said begrudgingly. “What in the heck was the wrong with this guy, Mr. jones pondered taking a sip of Gatorade.

"They need to learn to embrace the darkness," he cackled, glancing in the rearview mirror with a glint in his eye that sent chills down their spines. The kids looked at each other, fear creeping into their hearts. “What did he say” one of the children whispered.

As they descended further down the hill, the surroundings grew increasingly strange. The trees looked gnarled, their branches twisted like skeletal hands reaching out. The only light came from the bus's headlights, illuminating eerie shapes that flitted in the shadows.

“Mr. Jones!” Fiona cried, her voice shaky. “Maybe we should just go back!” The rest of the kids exchanged worried glances, but their teacher’s

Face was set in worry, his eyes searching Mr. C’S reflection.

“Where are we?” Mr. Jones asked, his voice firm. “You said a shortcut, but this seems wrong.”

Mr. C turned to him with a wide grin. “Oh, don’t worry. We’re just getting to the fun part!” And with that, he slammed down on the accelerator, sending the bus careening down the steep hill. Rocking and swaying the bus struggled terribly down a steep neighborhood hill knocking down several mailboxes along the way.

Screams filled the bus as they tumbled faster and faster into the night, the trees becoming blurry streaks of darkness. Suddenly, the bus hit a bump so hard that everyone flew briefly out of their seats. When they landed, it felt as though they had entered an abyss. Now snug motionless everyone breathed heavily silently not looking up, assuming they were dead at the most.

In one sudden moment, the bus's lights flickered and then went out, plunging them into darkness. Panic erupted; kids screamed, and cries filled the air.

“Mr. Jones! What do we do?” Tom shouted. Attempting to keep calm, Mr. Jones shouted over the noise, “Everyone, stay calm! We’ll find a way out of this!” Mr. Jones began looking for a weapon but couldn't find anything.

But before he could say anything more, a sharp turn careened them off the road. The bus skidded, and Mr. C’s laughter echoed through the night. “Welcome to my world, kids!”

“prepare to meet my brothers, they are awfully hungry this time of night, were going a little trip you little boogers, to place where everybody get their due, were going to Vood-daaaa-llaaaa!” he began to lave hysterically be lighting up large cigar, “and on top of that I think I will have myself a little smoke “he said sarcastically. his grizzly looking face had morphed into demonic caricature , small horns protruded from his forehead and gleamed in the moon light.

He turned around and lights went black, only his large hat ember like red eyes and claws in the moon light shown. His clawed nails slowly wrapped around the steering wheel, and the large older model bus, aggressively swayed from left to right.

“VOODALLA? is that a like quick trip of seven eleven , I'm starving I could use a snack ” “what?” “You not serious, tell me you not serious” “the young white girl looked away in shame, young and unaware she didn't realize what she had just said.

The bus almost turned over on its side after a roller coaster of bumps, they all scream in a chorus of horrifying sounds, after tumbling down a dramatic large residential neighborhood. It was like a bad dread but real, and they couldn’t wake up. “man I cant believe this mess,” Mr. Jones said dialing 911 on his phone, the operator , quickly became distressed and couldn’t here him.” “hello come quick, we have been kidnapped!” he said desperately, speaking lowly so Mr. c did not hear him, he didn’t know what this evil man was

capable of.

Just as quickly as it started, the bus came to a stop. They had suddenly arrived at a clearing lit by a ghostly light that seemed to come from the trees. But Mr. Charles , the mischievous grin still on his face, simply opened the bus doors and stepped out he glanced at them slowly grinning waving with his talon like claws , in a instant he disappeared into the fog by the trees .

The kids were left in deafening silence, breathlessly staring at the darkness outside. After doing role call turned out several kids were missing , never found again, it was like they just disappeared . He had taken them but nowhere knew to where or how?

“Where did he go?” Sarah whispered, fear creeping back in crawling along the floor afraid to stand .

“We need to get back home,” Mr. Jones said, trying to keep his voice steady. But deep down, they all knew that something was wrong, and whatever Mr. Charles had in mind, they were not ready for it he seemed dark and without reason or thought almost an evil judge of sorts.

They were trapped in the dark, and the night was

far from over. The police arrived an hour later, and found no evidence of Mr. C- and the bus driver department had no idea who they were talking about.

THE FIRST AND ONLY

r rumbled away slowy kicking up dust on the old

gravely road, leaving Mike alone at the edge of Voodalla the place where ghost battle in a game of hide seek with demons from the under world. The air hung heavy, thick with the scent of decay and something else, something ancient and unsettling. He clutched the GPS in one hand and the gas can in the other, he had pulled out the can in hopes of setting charles car on fire, before he was killed, at least he thought he was going to die. his heart hammering against his ribs. His job was simple: navigate to the exit gate he had had already untied him self from the simple zip ties that bound his arms and legs , his phone had already gave him the walking route, a few miles across this forsaken landscape. Easy money, they said. Just ignore the

stories, they said. He didn't realize he was only gps serivce to ever work in voodalla due to satellite features.

“Voodalla.” Even the name whispered of dread. It was a place where, according to legend, ghosts fought for their souls. A battleground between human spirits and demon worlds. He had heard the name once muttered by a voodoo homeless woman who begged for change downtown. Mike didn't believe in ghosts, not really, but the oppressive atmosphere of the place was enough to make the hairs on his neck stand on end. all he knew was that he had been kidnapped by a 70 year old man that was alot stronger than he thought.

He started walking, the GPS guiding him along a barely visible path. Twisted trees clawed at the sky, their branches skeletal and bare. Shadows danced in his peripheral vision, playing tricks on his eyes. He kept telling himself it was just the wind, just the trees, just his imagination running wild. “man i got the worst of luck” he thought to him self walking slowly, no water or food.

As he ventured deeper, he began to see them. Wisps of light, fleeting glimpses of figures in the distance. Were they ghosts? He tried to focus, to make out details, but they always vanished before he could get a clear look. it was strange. his hair stood up on the back of his neck! where these woods haunted.

He pressed on, his pace quickening. The GPS indicated the exit gate was still a couple of miles away. He checked his watch. Midnight. He’d been dropped off at dusk. He needed to get out of here.

Suddenly, a low growl and fast bark ,echoed through the trees. It wasn't the growl of any animal he knew. It was deeper, more guttural, laced with an unnatural hunger. He stopped, his hand instinctively reaching for the can of gas.

Then he saw them!

They emerged from the shadows, their eyes glowing with malevolent intent. Wolves. But not like any wolves he'd ever seen. These were spectral, their forms flickering, half-there, half-gone. He could almost see through them, see the convoluted trees and decaying ground behind them.

The Soul-Eating Wolves of Voodalla! They were right in front of him.

The stories flooded back to him, tales whispered by grizzled truckers at roadside diners. Tales of creatures that hunted lost souls, devouring their essence, trapping them in Voodalla forever or hell. Misty pines, the forest forest had alot of stories about it and word around town was if you hunted their you would never return , he didn't believe such things but now he was their right front of the reason for the stories .

They encircled him, their growls intensifying. He could smell their fetid breath, a mix of rot and something metallic, like old blood. He knew he was in deep trouble. “oh sh--t, man sh--t” “wow” he said before wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Thinking quickly, he set the gas can down. He grabbed it

and began to spray a circle around himself, the gasoline soaking into the already tainted earth. The wolves snarled, hesitant to cross the invisible barrier. they looked hungry and angry at the same time.

He pulled out his phone, his hands shaking. He opened the camera app and started recording, hoping to capture some proof of what he was seeing. He wanted the world to know what Voodalla truly was. “im live on facebook, just in case i dont make it, this who did it” he said shaking and breathing hard, “this is not a hoax i’m in misty pine forest and its some weird sh--t out here for real”

But the camera was acting strange. Only half of the wolves' images appeared on the screen. The rest was just static, a distorted mess of pixels. The phone flickered, threatening to die.

He knew he had to act fast.

He rummaged in his pocket, pulling out a lighter and a small, broken branch he'd picked up earlier. He flicked the lighter, the flame dancing in the darkness. He held the branch to the flame, coaxing it to catch.

The wolves edged closer, their patience wearing thin.

Finally, the branch ignited, casting an eerie orange glow on their spectral forms. He took a deep breath and hurled the burning stick at the wolves.

It landed in the middle of the circle, the flames spreading quickly across the gasoline-soaked ground. The wolves

yelped, a chorus of tormented howls. Their spectral forms flickered violently as the flames licked at them.

They turned and fled, disappearing back into the shadows from whence they came.

Mike didn't wait. He grabbed his GPS and the gas can and ran. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him, the image of the burning wolves seared into his mind.

He didn't look back.

Hours had passed. He was now thirstier than ever he could here them howling in the back ground his phone showed five percent he had to fine the location soon. he followed the last of instructions . finally he walked and walked terrified of every nose that he heard in the woods. then he saw it , a shimmering door way in the stone brick wall, he was mesmerized, he walked forward slowly and the phone set, you have found the destination , “what this couldn't be the exit the phone was talking about” he touched the door and his hand went through he finally took a deep breath and put his head through his head popped out in city park, a park he was familiar with ! “wait where are you going he heard from behind.” “he slowly turned around scared out of his wits, he turned around to see four of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, “stay with us” “who are you” he said slowly. “that's not a real exit, where trying to help you” “no don't do it “ one of the woman said . “i dont want to see another person die that way” mike slowly walked away from the door. he walked toward the woman he was in a trance . “come come to me baby “ “let me help you” finally he stood in between the four women. surging

burst of pain shrieked through his shoulder. “aaaahhraragh” he shrieked in agony as the woman began drinking his blood. then another one locked on to his hand. and the other two to his ankles. his phone dropped to ground and said “power off” the moon disappeared slowly as they finished their meal.

temp buddy attack

Carlos missed his brother , Jason was his road dog, and companion. Jason, whom everyone called Jason J for short , had been gone for seven long months since the incident after work . A bad man named Charles had taken him.
Charles was a scary man strange mysterious and most thought he was a made up story to hide the government crimes in the city. He drove a big white car, a Cadillac, and prowled the city streets like a hungry wolf looking for weak prey . No one knew where Charles kept Jason or if was dead or sold into enslavement .

Carlos felt a heavy weight in his heart every day a pressure to answer the call . He had to find Jason. He tried everything. He talked to the police, but they did not have any real clues. Jason and his mother Mrs. T worked into in unison to track down what happened.

One rainy Tuesday, Carlos had an idea. Jason was last seen getting into a car from the RideBuddy service, a rides sharing app that was developing around the city . Maybe, just maybe, a RideBuddy driver knew something. Carlos decided he

would become a Ride Buddy driver too, at least pretend to be one . He needed to be close to the roads Charles used.

His friend, Kross, was short humorous and a bit fat, but he was loyal. Kross agreed to help.

"Carlos, this is crazy," Kross mumbled, adjusting his wrist watch. "You don't even know how to find your way around the city that well."

"I have to try, Kross. I mean how hard could it be bro, it’s just picking up strange people and dropping them off using gps dog, even Stevie wonder can see that.” it’s For Jason," Carlos said firmly.

Carlos quickly signed up for the Ride Buddy app. He learned the ropes fast. He drove the night shifts, hoping to spot the menacing white Cadillac. Kross used his small apartment as a base, monitoring police reports and online chatter about strange disappearances. For a long time they didn't see anything, nothing, nada zilch.

The first few weeks were slow. Carlos picked up strange passengers. He listened to every conversation. He saw many cars, but not the Cadillac. The city felt cold and full of shadows. Good tips and many long stories.

One night, about two months into his new job, Carlos got a ping late near the old industrial docks. His passenger was a nervous young woman named Meeka

. She kept looking over her shoulder. She seemed like a druggie or something or at

least a little crazy, glittery or just plain sketchy, he kept a solid eye on her while driving.

"Where to?" Carlos asked gently. Turning down his Jay-z tracks on the radio.

"Just... the old shipping area, near Pier Seven," Meeka whispered. "Hurry, please." she kept grabbing her back and looking at the time on her phone, she was shaky nervous and distracting to say the least.

As Carlos drove, Meeka started talking, her voice trembling. "I saw him. Charles!” He forces people to drive for him, secret rides. I was almost one of them, months ago, but I ran."

Carlos’s heart hammered. "The white Cadillac?"

Meeka nodded, tears welling up. "Yes. He takes them to a hidden place. It’s not a house. It's like a private garage, deep inside one of those abandoned warehouse complexes near the river bend. He keeps them there." It was almost like she was psychic , she knew what he wanted to hear, or was she heaven sent his prayers had been answered.

This was the first real lead, a solid location. Carlos dropped Meeka who paid totally in change, quarters nickels and pennies, off safely, promising to be careful. He immediately called Kross.

"Kross, Pier Seven area. An old warehouse complex.

Meeka gave me the details. We need to check it out tomorrow

Night." “You want be forcing people to disappear anymore Charles,” he thought to himself.

Koss was quiet for a moment. "Be careful, Carlos. That area is deserted and dangerous, even in the daylight, I heard a lot shady stuff about that spot down there.”

The next night, under a thick, moonless sky, Carlos and Kross drove to the docks in Carlos’s beat-up sedan. They parked far away and walked toward the ruins. The air smelled of salt and decay. They located a cluster of warehouses that looked slightly newer than the others. Still with their badges and uniform on they found the temp-to hire warehouse.

Using Kross’s small, powerful flashlight, they examined the perimeter. Most windows were broken or boarded up. Then, behind the largest building, they found something odd: a thick, reinforced steel door, newer than the rest of the structure, with a modern keypad lock with ride buddy training services logo on the lock.

"A private unit," Kross breathed. "This must be it! Charles is hiding his captives here."

Carlos felt a surge of desperate energy. He pulled out a lock-picking kit Kross insisted he carry.

"Stand guard, Kross . If you see anything, run and call for help, no matter what."

Kross gripped a heavy wrench he had brought. "Go."

Carlos worked on the keypad. His fingers shook, but the image of Jason kept him steady. After what felt like an hour, a soft click echoed. The heavy door groaned open just enough for a man to slip through.

The inside was dark, silent, and unnervingly clean. It smelled strongly of bleach and something metallic. They moved down a short, concrete corridor. They heard a low, rhythmic humming sound.

They reached another door, this one marked with a faint, old stencil: 'UNIT 4B'. Carlos pushed it open.

They heard someone coming. They opened up a utility closet and rushed in. silently they hid unable to move hoping not to make a noise.

“wow this is a lot bro, you sure the police couldn't have handled this joint, you should of just called them’ “man chill we doing fine ,” Carlos demanded both whispering and sweating in the small hot mop closet.

peeping out the crack of the door Carlos could see them gathering around staring at a training tape but they looked

strange, like they were in a trance , it didn't look like they were normal people they were dirty tired looking and look they were there against there will. He then notice something really strange two or them began to fight at the refreshment table and began biting each other like wild animals, their eyes glowed yellow as blood and foam dripped from their mouths, “what in the h-ll kind of training center was this!” “wow, blood mouth dude must be real hungry” Kross said chuckling lowly, “I'm serious he took a bite out of dude like he was a french subway sandwich” eventually the room cleared out and they decided to run . they were now back outside. Carlos took out a gas can , “what are you doing?” “i’m burning it down” “what?” “yeah, their monsters im sure of it my boy, like from hell monsters, no joke” “you sure?” “1000 percent” carlos said with a devilish look in his eyes. Kross boarded the front and back door and they began to pound on it. Eventually they began pounding on the windows and they could see them begging for their lives, “let us out, what are doing” “maybe we are murdering innocent people C, man you sure about this?” “man they are night buddy drivers, demons bro don't fall for it” eventually the woman on the window began to burn bad. they stepped back in horror as the window cracked in scorching heat and the garage like building went up in flames and smoke. “she screamed and cried helplessness kross looked away confused, and then the truth came out , she began laughing as she burned , skinned mutilated and eyes fried she just started cackling , her grin was something horrible as if the the flames didnt matter

she was already dead , they wore a human disguise some of the drivers , they were a creation of charles, they too wanted to come back from the dead and terrorize the living, after

laughing psychotically she dropped dead her ride buddy shirt engulfed in flames.

Carlos grabbed two of the full gasoline cans. He doused the wooden frame of the door and the piles of rags near the center of the room. Kross ran back in, having seen the headlights sweep across the warehouse entrance.

"He’s parking! He’s getting out!" Kross screamed.

Carlos struck a match. The flame leaped to the gasoline. The room instantly roared to life with terrifying speed. The fire caught the metal bars, making them glow red.

"Let's go!" Carlos dragged Kross toward the steel door.

They burst out just as the main entrance door of the warehouse slammed open.

Carlos and Kross ran back toward their car, the heat scorching their backs. They jumped in, and Carlos slammed the accelerator. As they sped away, they looked back.
Towering flames swallowed the old warehouse, destroying the prison and, hopefully, taking

Charles's secret, and maybe

even Charles himself, with it. They had not saved Jason yet, but they had destroyed the gathering center . The fight, Carlos knew, was far from over.

CORA AND THE LAWYER

In the wealthy area of Misty Falls where the evil rich dwelled, near the stunning Clear Water Canyon, there lived a woman named Evelyn an elegant brick mansion . She was known for her elegance and grace wealthy lawyer who had little tolerance for the unmotivated. Her home was a grand mansion with tall ceilings and beautiful chandeliers. It was filled with fine art and the soft music that flowed from her cherished grand piano. Each evening, Evelyn would sit at the piano and play the most lovely tunes, letting the music fill her home and dance in the air.

One chilly evening, as the sun set and the sky turned a soft purple, Evelyn played her favorite song. The notes all blended together beautifully, echoing through the rooms of her mansion. In the kitchen below, her maid Cora was busy preparing dinner. Cora was a kind woman with a warm smile and a knack for cooking. She often hummed along to Evelyn's tunes while chopping vegetables and stirring pots.

Tonight, Cora was making Evelyn’s favorite dish: a rich beef stew. The aroma filled the air, mixing with the sweet scent of fresh bread baking in the oven. The sound of piano music floated down the stairs and prompted Cora to hum along cheerfully.

As the final notes of the piano faded away, Evelyn felt satisfied. She stood, stretched her arms, and decided it was time for a soothing bath. She loved the way the warm water washed over her skin and made her feel calm after her music sessions. Evelyn walked up the grand staircase, her heels gently clicking against the polished wood.

But just as she reached the top oddly but for sure , she heard a strange noise. It was a loud bang, followed by the sound of something rattling upstairs. Her heart raced as uncertainty washed over her. Was it just the wind, or was something truly wrong?

Evelyn stood still for a moment, her mind racing. She shook off her fears and headed toward the bathroom, but she couldn't help but feel uneasy. Suddenly, a loud crash echoed from one of the rooms. The noise was followed by the sound of footsteps - heavy and deliberate. step by step the intruder quietly walked invasively through her house. “hello 911” she said quietly whispering lowly on the phone. “somebodies in my house” a wealthy white woman in a gated community, the police would surely come , she had no worries. the 911 dispatcher ensured her that someone would be their shortly, she had a silent alarm they had already been notified.

Feeling a rush of panic, Evelyn decided to grab something to defend herself. She picked up a heavy vase that sat on a table nearby, its flowers long dried out but the vase still solid ands strong. Her hands trembled as she gripped it tightly. She knew she needed to find out what was happening, but caution consumed her. she shaked tremendously nervous , she

was a lawyer not a master of self defense.

Slowly and quietly, Evelyn crept up the staircase, each step filled with dread. As she reached the corridor, the floor panels sqeaked softly as she tried not to make a lot of noise. she spotted a shadow moving in the dim light of the room. Heart pounding, she took a deep breath and moved forward, ready to face whatever was lurking in her home.

Then, out of nowhere, a figure appeared. A man wearing a large hat stepped into the light. “aaaaah, she screamed, help !” she cried out to her butler hoping to be heard. His face was hidden in the shadows, but his presence was overpowering. He stood tall, broad-shouldered, and unfriendly. Panic surged through Evelyn as she felt an intense fear wash over her.

“Who are you?” she demanded, raising the vase in defense. “you coming with me sugar” he said gently.

Before she could react further, the man lunged at her. He roughly grabbed her arm with a powerful grip, trying to pull her toward a dark closet nearby. “stop you cant do this!” she yelled at the top of her lungs kicking and screaming violently. she scratched him several times but he did not release his evil grip, his hands felt cold and dead and he smelled of black smoke and sulfur. She struggled, her heart racing wildly, and then, just as she thought all hope was lost, Cora appeared at the end of the hallway.

“Evelyn!” Cora yelled, her voice shaking. She rushed toward them, her own fear blending with courage. “what is goin on?”

In a split second, Cora reached for the nearest object, a heavy kitchen knife she had tucked into her apron. She charged at the man, brandishing the knife like a warrior. Evelyn watched as Cora's fierce determination shone through.

“Let her go!” Cora shouted. The man's grip loosened slightly, shocked by the sudden confrontation. The two

women stood together, side by side, confronting the intruder with fierce bravery.

Evelyn, finding her strength, shouted, “You don’t belong here!” With a swift motion, she swung the vase, catching the man off guard. The vase shattered against his shoulder, and he stumbled back.

In that moment, the man’s dark eyes filled with rage. He realized he was outnumbered. He glanced from Evelyn to Cora and decided to flee. He dashed away, running down the staircase, the sound of his footsteps echoing through the empty halls. In a flash of red evil light he was gone. they stood in the window and saw a long white car riding out of the drive way emanating the most evil of glows, the car shown like a moon in the night.

Breathing heavily, Cora dropped the knife, and the two women stood in silence for a moment, their hearts racing from the fright. Evelyn looked at Cora and felt immense gratitude.

“Thank you, Cora,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “I thought…”

“I know,” Cora interrupted, her expression serious. “We need to call for help. We shouldn’t be alone tonight.”

Evelyn nodded, her mind still trying to process what just happened. They rushed to the phone and called the police, explaining the sudden attack. The night stretched on, thick with tension and fear, but they felt a little stronger together.

Free cars?

In the city of Misty Falls, where shadows danced with secrets and morals lay forgotten, three young souls, barely men, found themselves entangled in a night they would never forget. They

Were known as the Yellow Jackets, a street gang with more ambition than sense.

The leader, Darius, was a lean figure with eyes that held a perpetual challenge. His right-hand man, Marcus, was built like a tank, loyal to a fault and always ready for a fight. And then there was Kevin, the youngest, whose heart still held a flicker of innocence, a stark contrast to the world they inhabited.

Late one night, as a thick mist clung to the streets, their eyes fell upon a sight that sparked their interest - a white Cadillac, an older model, gleaming under the dim streetlights near the old church house. It was clean, well-polished, a stark contrast to the rundown neighborhood. Little did they know, this car belonged to a being far removed from their world, a demon known as Charles.

"That's the one, boys," Darius whispered, his eyes gleaming with mischief. "Let's take it for a spin."

With practiced ease, they bypassed the car's security and were soon cruising down the highway, windows down, music blasting. The cool night air rushed through their hair as they laughed and joked, the thrill of the stolen ride coursing through their veins.

"I can't believe our luck," Marcus shouted over the music. "This ride is smooth as silk."

As they sped past the Misty Pines Forest, a sense of unease began to creep in. The trees seemed to loom over the road, their branches like skeletal fingers reaching out. The forest was a place spoken of in hushed tones, a place where strange things happened.

Suddenly, as they rounded a bend, the car lurched violently. The world seemed to twist and blur, the familiar highway vanishing into an abyss of darkness. A collective gasp filled the car as they braced themselves for the inevitable crash. But it never came.

Instead, the car came to an abrupt halt, the engine sputtering and dying. They were no longer on the highway. The forest had vanished, replaced by a desolate expanse of sand and rock.
Before them lay a lake, its surface as black as ink, reflecting the starless sky above.

"Where are we?" Kevin asked, his voice trembling.

Darius tried the ignition, but the car remained dead. A shiver ran down his spine as he took in their surroundings. This was no ordinary place.

As they stepped out of the car, a bone-chilling wind swept across the lake, carrying with it the faint scent of decay. The silence was deafening, broken only by the gentle lapping of the water against the shore.

"This ain't right," Marcus muttered, his eyes darting around nervously.

jay ride and gboy meet voodalla

Jay Ride and JBoy emerged from the darkness of the woods, their breath visible in the cold air. The sky above was a deep shade of black, threatening more than just night. They had been at Brandon’s party, pumped with energy and laughter, when suddenly, everything changed. “man I think we must have fell asleep or somehting what was we smoking” Gride asked fixing his chain, this dont look like the wellman condomenium building my dog” One moment their friends were there, the next, they were gone. The howling in the distance made the hairs on the back of their necks stand up. “wow, i think we dead “ jride said eyes huge with potential tears , how we dont remember getting here , plus what was that read light, “

“Yo, what the heck is going on?” Jay Ride said, glancing around nervously. He pulled his hoodie tighter around him, trying to shield himself from the eerie chill that seeped through the trees.

“I don’t know, man. This place gives me the creeps,” gBoy replied, shivering slightly. He kicked at a stone on the ground. They had walked for what felt like hours, their laughter fading into worry.

Every time they heard a rustle, they looked over their shoulders, half-expecting their friends to pop out and scare them. But it was just the two of them, lost in Voodalla.

“Let’s find a way back,” JBoy suggested, looking around for any sign of familiarity. The trees were thick and

twisted, blocking out the moonlight.

“Yeah, this is not cool,” Jay Ride agreed. Just as they turned to retrace their steps, a flash of metal caught Jay Ride’s eye.

“Hey, look over there!” He pointed down a narrow path. “There’s a car!”

They stepped cautiously toward the old car. It sat covered in dirt and leaves, like it had been abandoned for years. The paint was faded, and the windows were cracked. The night was pitch black, making the car seem almost like a ghost itself.

“Dude, this thing is ancient,” gBoy mused, leaning closer to inspect it. He peered inside, and the faint glow from his phone illuminated a paper lying on the dashboard. “Check this out.”

“What’s it say?” Jay Ride asked, coming up beside him.

With careful fingers, JBoy lifted the note. “It says, ‘For what it’s worth, stay on the road, or they will get you.’”

“Are you serious? Who wrote that?” Jay Ride said, his voice rising. Unease crawled up his spine. “What does it even mean?”

“I don’t know, man. But something isn’t right,” JBoy replied. The howling echoed again, closer this time.

“Let’s get outta here,” Jay Ride urged, glancing over his shoulder. They both felt the weight of unseen eyes watching them. The last thing they wanted was to be the next ones to vanish like their friends. They climbed into the car, its leather seats cracked and worn.

“Do you even know how to drive this thing?” JBoy asked, flicking

on the headlights. A weak beam cut through the darkness, revealing the trees that pressed in around them. the keys were still in the ignition dried blood stained the dash board, it looked to be someone's charity gift who had survived.

“Uh, kind of. Just give me a sec,” Jay Ride replied, fumbling with the ignition. To his surprise, the engine roared to life after a few coughs and sputters. “Yes! We’re going to be alright!”

They both sighed with relief as they backed out onto the road, but the relief was short-lived. The car moved slowly, almost as if it didn’t want to leave. At a maximum of forty five miles per hour they were moving but barely, definitely safer than then walking.

“I don’t like this, man. It feels wrong,” gBoy said nervously, his gaze darting around. “The note, the howling… what if those are the things that are gonna get us?”

“Just chill, bro,” Jay Ride replied, though his voice lacked confidence. “We just got to stay on the road, right?”

up the road the head lights caught a glimpse of what look like a girl walking, they hit the horn and the girl turned around it was one of the girls from the party “veronica” she rain to the car and pulled the back door open. “oh my god, she said gasping for air , im so glad to see you guys, there's something big and black creeping through the bushes but it thinks i cant here it. its really bad at hiding.” just as they spoke the car was

rambed! it tilted lightly. “oh my god veronica screamed to the top of her lungs” the thing then returned to the tree line. searching through the dash board a small hand gun fell out. “where'd you get that “ “dont

know just fell out , j ride answered. in a rush the thing rambed the car again knocking the door lose , still on the hinges it made crazy noises. it then darted off into the bushes again, then they saw it two of them! in the rearviews. nasty evil looking dogs with hellish stripes and strange face markings.

veronica “what do we do?”

jride “you tell me”

g-boy “well shoot , you did find a gun j”

jride crawled to the back seat and fired a shot really close to the animals grazing its ear, wounded it rolled around in the dirt howling like a man and then finally started laughing although it was hurt, it got up and darted deeper into the forest.”

“good shot my boy gboy yelled dapping his homie with the killer aim”

“ i told you im a real gangbanger he said before laughing, veronica hugged both of them she was now elated to be with them, to think she was going to be dog chow to those things.

they continued to ride trying to figure out where they were , the figured the creatures were werewolves or something , they had no way of explaining anything else ,

veronica “ so where to the next gas station “

jride “apparently the note says stay on this ugly dark road and we will find people at the end, don't know how true it is , but its safter than walking with cugo and friends”

As they drove, the howling grew louder, piercing through the stillness of the night. Shadows darted in and out of view, and the trees seemed to lean closer, almost touching the car. Jay Ride gripped the steering wheel tightly, trying to keep his focus.

“Whoa, did you see that?” JBoy exclaimed suddenly, pointing to the side of the road. “I thought I saw something move!” “shit just stay calm we got two bullets left.’ brandon has tossed them into a nightmare that they would never forget. the road was pitch dark except the reddish looking moon , the street was narrow

and on the sides were a steep muddy cliff, the car often stalled but didnt stop , at top speed it reached 50 mph when floored. the gas was three quaters of a tank at least they had that in their

favor.

“Forget it,” Jay Ride said, accelerating just a bit. “It’s just your imagination. Stay focused.”

But just then, a massive figure emerged from the shadows. Jay Ride slammed on the brakes. They both stared wide-eyed as a tall, shadowy creature stepped into the beam of the headlights. “whoa not more , what is this ?”

“What the…?” JBoy gasped, fear creeping into his voice.

The creature’s eyes glowed an unsettling shade of red, and it howled again, sending chills down their spines. It wasn’t alone; more figures appeared behind it, their forms indistinguishable in the dark.

“Drive! Drive!” JBoy shouted, panic rising in his throat.

Jay Ride slammed his foot down on the gas pedal. The car lurched forward, but the figures started to race alongside them, their movements impossibly fast as they howled in pursuit.

“Stay on the road! Stay on the road!” JBoy yelled as they zoomed down the dark path, the shadows closing in. “oh my god we are going to die veronica screamed clinging to jride for dear life, her grip squeezed the life out of him. jride fire the last two shots from the rusty old gun peircing the legs of two of the ferrocious looking animals and again they scattered and left.

In that moment, Jay Ride and JBoy realized that the note was right death certain if they got out the car . They had to stay on the road, or the darkness would

consume them. That night, they

fought to escape Voodalla, the haunted woods that had claimed so many before them. But as the howls filled their ears, they couldn’t shake the feeling that someone, or something, was waiting for them just around the corner. Hours had passed and up around the street became wider sleepy they took turns driving. now down a large hill the began to see an encampment well lit up at the base the hill. a large abandon looking city full of camp lights. on the top of a wall some way waved for them to come down, astonished they silently droved towards the stone city.

brandons feast party j-ride jboy

The City of Misty Falls was a place where the nights bled into days, fueled by neon lights and pulsing beats. It was a city of excess, where rules were suggestions and pleasure was the only law. High above the chaos, in a skyscraper that pierced the clouds, Brandon, son of Charles, was throwing a party.

Brandon wasn't your typical host. He had eyes that

seemed to hold ancient secrets and a smile that could charm the devil himself – a fitting trait, considering his lineage.
Twenty-five couples, the city's elite, had received his exclusive invitation. They arrived in limousines and sports cars, dressed in their finest, ready to indulge in whatever Brandon had planned.

Inside, the penthouse throbbed with music. The bass vibrated through the floor, reaching up to tickle their chests. Lights flashed, painting the room in a kaleidoscope of

colors. Drinks flowed freely, each concoction more potent than the last. Brandon moved through the crowd, a predator in his own domain, making sure everyone was having an unforgettable time.

"This is insane, Brandon," said Veronica, a socialite with a penchant for drama, as she took a sip of her glowing cocktail. "You always know how to throw the best parties."

Brandon chuckled, his eyes glinting mischievously. "The night is still young, Veronica. I have a few surprises up my sleeve."

Hours passed in a blur of dancing, laughter, and whispered conversations. As the night reached its peak, Brandon took center stage. The music faded, and a hush fell over the room. All eyes were on him as he clapped his hands, a signal for his grand finale.

"My friends," he announced, his voice amplified through the speakers, "I have a special treat for you all. Something you won't find anywhere else."

He gestured towards a large, ornate closet that no one had noticed before. It stood against the far wall, its dark wood contrasting with the modern decor. A sense of anticipation filled the air, mixed with a touch of unease.

With a flourish, Brandon threw open the closet doors. Instead of clothes or storage, a swirling vortex of crimson energy filled the space. It pulsed and crackled, drawing the air towards it with a hungry force. Gasps echoed through the room as the partygoers stared in disbelief.

"What is that?" someone shouted over the rising wind.

Brandon's smile widened, revealing teeth that seemed a little too sharp. "A gateway," he said, his voice dripping with dark excitement. "A gateway to a place where your wildest dreams – and your darkest nightmares – come true."

Panic erupted. People scrambled back, desperate to escape the mesmerizing pull of the vortex. But it was too late. The swirling red energy reached out, grabbing them one by one. Screams filled the air as couples were torn apart, sucked into the unknown.

Mark and Sarah, a young couple who had come to the party looking for a thrill, found themselves clinging to each other, fighting against the force that threatened to consume them.

"Mark, I'm scared!" Sarah cried, her voice barely audible above the roar of the vortex.

"Hold on!" Mark yelled back, his grip tightening around her hand. But it was no use. The vortex was too strong. They were pulled apart, their screams fading as they

disappeared into the swirling red.

One by one, the guests vanished, their screams echoing in the penthouse before being swallowed by the void. In a matter of minutes, the room was empty, save for Brandon, who stood before the open closet, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"Enjoy your stay," he whispered to the empty space, before snapping his fingers and closing the doors, sealing the vortex once more.

Those who were unfortunate enough to be pulled into the vortex found themselves in a place unlike anything they had ever imagined. They landed in Voodalla, a dark and twisted forest where the trees clawed at the sky and the shadows danced with a life of their own. The air was thick with the smell of decay and the sound of unseen creatures rustling in the undergrowth.

As Mark stumbled to his feet, he realized he was alone. Sarah was nowhere to be seen. Panic set in as he called out her name, his voice trembling in the oppressive silence.

Suddenly, a pair of glowing eyes appeared in the darkness. A low growl echoed through the trees. Mark froze, his heart pounding in his chest. He could make out the shapes of large, wolf-like creatures surrounding him, their eyes burning with malevolent intent. But these were no ordinary wolves. They were twisted and deformed, with unnatural features and an aura of dark magic about them.

"What the hell are those things?" Mark muttered to

himself, his voice barely a whisper. Before he could

react, the creatures lunged.

Meanwhile, Sarah found herself in a different part of the forest. She was surrounded by strange symbols carved into the trees, and the ground beneath her feet felt soft and spongy. The air hummed with an unsettling energy.

As she tried to get her bearings, she heard a chanting in the distance. Drawn by the sound, she cautiously made her way through the dense undergrowth. She came to a clearing where a group of figures in hooded robes danced around a bonfire. They were chanting in a language she didn't understand, their voices rising and falling in a hypnotic rhythm.

In the center of the circle, a figure stood tall and gaunt, his face hidden behind a mask of bone. He raised his hands, and the flames of the bonfire surged higher, casting eerie shadows across the clearing. Sarah realized with horror that she had stumbled upon some kind of dark ritual.

"This can't be happening," she whispered, her voice trembling with fear.

As the ritual reached its climax, the masked figure turned towards Sarah, his eyes piercing through the darkness. He raised a hand, and the chanting stopped. The figures in robes turned to face her, their eyes glowing with an unholy light.

Sarah knew she had to escape, but it was too late. They were already moving towards her, their hands outstretched, their intentions clear.

In the City of Misty Falls, the party was over. The music was silent, the lights were off, and the skyscraper stood empty, its dark windows reflecting the city's neon glow. Brandon, son of Charles, had achieved his goal. He had opened a gateway to a world of darkness and despair, and he had delivered his guests into its waiting arms. The city would soon forget about the vanished elite, chalking it up to another night of excess gone wrong. But in Voodalla, Mark and Sarah, along with the others, were about to discover the true meaning of Brandon's twisted game. Their nightmares had only just begun.

ADD ONS

GAMER GARDENS, BRANDONS FEAST ,

The laughter of children mixed with the mechanical whir of rides at Gamer Gardens cheap excuse for a theme park riddled with law suits, the amusement park. The sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of orange and purple. A gentle breeze rustled through the fake trees, carrying the scent of popcorn and cotton candy.

Suddenly, a hush fell over the crowd. A few thugs rolled dice in the back ground near the bathrooms. A strange figure entered the park. He was an old man, his skin as dark as the night, his eyes like burning coals. A large, wide-brimmed hat shadowed his face. He wore a long, black coat that seemed to swallow him whole. Slowing dragging his long legs and heavy gold chains he surely stood out .

His appearance was out of place among the cheerful crowd. Bryshere tugged at his mother's dress, pointing at the man. "Mommy, look at that scary man," he whispered. His mother, Sheela , hushed him, but she couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. “don’t look at him baby , he may be crazy , theres a lot those around here “

The man moved through the park with a strange, gliding motion.

He stopped at the 'Cosmic Carousel', his eyes fixed on the brightly colored horses. He climbed onto a black stallion, his

movements stiff and unnatural. The ride operator, a young white girl named Jenny, approached him with a smile. "Sir, please fasten your seatbelt," she said politely.

The old man turned his gaze towards her, his eyes piercing. "I have no need for such things," he rasped, his voice like the rustling of dry leaves the new orlean southern accent stealing the show in the short conversation. Jenny hesitated, feeling a shiver run down her spine. She shrugged and started the ride. As the carousel spun, the old man sat motionless, his eyes fixed on some distant point.

Next, he went to 'The Twister', a spinning, tilting ride that was a favorite among teenagers. Again, he refused to wear a seatbelt, his eyes daring the ride operator to challenge him. Mark, a muscular young man operating the ride, felt a surge of anger. "Sir, it's for your safety," he insisted. “ I cant stand this maybe we should just remove this guy?” he suggested to the manager.
Confused they just let the man do what he wanted.

"Safety is an illusion," the old man said, his voice barely a whisper. Mark, unnerved by the man's intensity, reluctantly started the ride. The Twister spun and tilted, throwing its passengers around like ragdolls. Yet, the old man remained still, his hat firmly in place, his eyes burning with an unnatural light.

The park manager, Mr. Thompson, had been receiving complaints about the strange man that a crackhead was not following the rules on a roller coaster. Irritated, he approached him. "Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he said, his voice firm. "You're

disturbing the other guests, and you're not following the safety regulations."

The old man slowly turned to face Mr. Thompson. A strange smile curled his lips. "You cannot stop what is coming," he whispered. Mr. Thompson felt a sudden chill, despite the warm evening air. "Security!" he called out.

As security guards approached, the sky turned an ominous shade of grey. The wind picked up, whipping through the park, scattering popcorn and trash. A low rumble of thunder echoed in the distance. The lights flickered, casting long, eerie shadows.
They began to stare at him, they knew he was strange but they had no idea he had any power of any type.

People began to panic, running towards the exits. The old man Charles stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the 'Leviathan', the park's towering roller coaster. Lightning flashed, illuminating his face, revealing a network of strange markings etched into his dark skin. “looks like I got me sommo friends, I think my brothers will be awfully pleased”

He walked towards the Leviathan, his movements now fluid and purposeful. The security guards hesitated, unsure of what to do. The storm intensified, rain lashing down in sheets. The old man reached the base of the roller coaster, where its massive metal structure met the ground.

He raised his arms to the sky, his hat flying off in the wind. He began to chant in a strange, guttural language. The ground trembled. The air crackled with energy. People screamed.

Sarah clutched Timmy close, her heart pounding in her chest. Mark and Jenny huddled together, their

faces pale with fear. Mr.
Thompson watched in disbelief as the old man
performed his ritual.

Suddenly, a bright light flashed from the base of the roller coaster. Ten people standing nearby vanished into thin air. A collective gasp rose from the crowd. Then, just as quickly as it began, the light disappeared. ‘what in the” the manager yellowed get more security”

The old man lowered his arms, his eyes glowing with triumph. He turned and walked into the storm, his figure disappearing into the darkness. The rain stopped. The wind died down. The only sound was the terrified whimpering of the remaining park guests.

Mr. Thompson stood frozen, his mind struggling to comprehend what he had just witnessed. Sarah looked around frantically, counting her family members to make sure they were all there. Mark and Jenny stared at the empty space where their friends had been standing just moments before.

The police arrived, their sirens cutting through the silence. They questioned the witnesses, but no one could offer a rational explanation. The ten people were gone, vanished without a trace.

Gamer Gardens was closed indefinitely, the story was featured on the news . The Leviathan stood silent and menacing against the night sky. The laughter and joy that had once filled the park were replaced by fear and uncertainty. The news featured a segment called demon at the park the next day, a strange ominous story of a spirit snatcher walking in broad daylight.

No one ever saw the old man again. Some say he was a voodoo priest, others say he was a demon in

disguise. Whatever he was, he left behind a chilling reminder that some things are beyond human understanding. The mystery of the missing ten and the

strange old man Charles remained unsolved, a dark stain on the memory of Gamer Gardens. A place once filled with laughter, now haunted by the whispers of the missing and the shadow of the voodoo man.

Elise and a bike

It always felt heavy. It was a city built on shadows and strange quiet. Rain seemed to fall even when the sky was clear, leaving everything damp and cold. Elise gripped the handlebars of her old blue bicycle tightly. She was only 15, and the journey home from the pharmacy always felt too long. She stayed in a nearby housing project that had recently been built. the pharmacy wasn't far from home, she was use to the dark windy trip down the block.

She had picked up medicine for her grandmother, a small bottle of shimmering blue liquid. The streets were mostly empty. Most people in Misty Falls stayed indoors after sunset due to strange occurrences that just kept increasing. The streetlights flickered, casting long, unsteady shadows that danced like nervous ghosts.

As Elise pedaled past the abandoned clock tower, she felt a prickle on her neck. She glanced behind her. A black cab was crawling slowly a block back. It was an old model, boxy and dull, its chrome rusting. She couldn't see the driver clearly, but something about the way the cab moved made her heart beat faster. It was too slow for the road, almost hovering.

Elise sped up a little. She turned onto Willow Street, a narrow path lined with tall, silent apartment buildings. She checked her mirror again. The black cab followed.
It kept the same distance, a silent, metal shadow.
“nutjob, who is hiring these people” she thought before plugging back in her headphones.

Curiosity, a dangerous thing in Misty Falls, started to mix with her fear. Why would a cab be driving so slowly

behind a girl on a bike? There were no other cars. road rage was one thing but night buddy attackers were on the rise, they were as strange as they were dangerous , they often didn't remember anything after they kill you with their car and then the worst, sometimes the body just disappeared no clues nothing just one culprit with no memory. Some of these people were recruited some would say and others seemed to just be possessed by some eerie force late in the night.

She decided to test it. Elise cut sharply down an alleyway. This alley was rarely used, filled with overflowing dumpsters and the smell of wet cement.
She pushed the pedals harder, her thin legs pumping. The sound of her bike chain rattled loudly in the narrow space.

She reached the end of the alley and risked another look back. The black cab was already there, turning into the alley entrance with surprising speed for such an old vehicle. The headlights were dim, yellow eyes watching her.

Panic set in. Elara pumped her legs until her lungs burned. She swerved out onto Gray Street, a longer, more open road, hoping to outpace the strange vehicle.
She pedaled furiously, her mind racing. She needed to get to Maple Avenue, the main street, where there might be other people.

The cab kept pace. It was close now, maybe only twenty feet behind her. her raced and she knew he had bad intentions, it was time to take the headphones out, sweaty and scared she carefully

paced her self her eyes

wide with realistic fear. She could hear a low, almost humming sound coming from its engine, a sound that felt wrong, unnatural.

Finally, she saw the familiar lights of Maple Avenue ahead. It was the busiest part of their district, even late at night. She aimed for the center of the sidewalk, fast she bolted in the opposite direction, intending to ride directly toward the brightly lit bakery where Mr. Henry often worked late.

Just as Elise burst onto the main street, a blur of movement happened beside her. A short man, dressed in a thick, dark coat, was moving fast, weaving through the few pedestrians near the corner shop. He was moving much faster than a normal person should move.

The man did not look at Elara. He seemed focused only on the space immediately in front of her. With a sudden, powerful shove, the man impacted Elara's side thrusting her far from the bike taking himself to the ground as well.

Elise cried out, losing all control. She tumbled hard onto the gritty pavement, "aaah" she screamed holding her knees, the pharmacy bag flying open. The small bottle of blue medicine rolled under a nearby bench far from her line of sight.

She looked up instantly, expecting to see the man standing over her, perhaps the cab driver emerging.
But both were gone.

Instead, she stared in wide-eyed confusion at the spot

where her bicycle had been.

The black cab was stopped directly where she fell, its doors shut tight. The driver’s window was rolled down a fraction. Elara could finally see the driver. His face was pale, almost white, and his eyes were too wide, too focused. He was staring not at Elara, but at the space where her bike had been just a second before. His expression was a strange mix of terror and intense satisfaction.

Then it happened.

Where the blue bicycle had rested against the curb, a violent shimmer started. It was like heat rising off asphalt on a summer day, but this was cold. The metal frame of the bike seemed to vibrate, then it began to darken, turning a deep, oily black. A thick plume of black, acrid smoke erupted from the bike, smelling faintly of ozone and burned metal.

Mr. Henry , the baker, rushed out of his shop door, drawn by the strange noise and smoke.

"What in the name of the falls is that?" Mr. Henry shouted, shielding his face from the dark cloud.

Elise scrambled backward on her hands and knees. The smoke thickened rapidly, swirling around the stationary black cab. It was not dissipating; it was contracting, pulling the remnants of the bike inward.

In less than three seconds, the bike was gone. There was no twisted metal, no broken plastic, just a small

patch of perfectly clean, dry pavement where the bike had been. The black smoke vanished as if sucked into a vacuum.

The humming noise from the cab stopped instantly.

The driver blinked slowly, looking down at his empty hands resting on the steering wheel. He took a deep, shuddering breath, then violently cranked the window shut. He slammed the car into gear, and the black cab shot forward, not smoothly, but with a violent lurch, disappearing around the corner onto a dark side street, leaving streaks of unnatural shadow behind it.

Elara sat frozen on the ground. Mr. Henry knelt beside her, his usual jolly face now tight with concern.

"Elise! Are you hurt? What happened to your bike?" he asked, looking wildly around the empty street.

Elara slowly pointed to the clean spot on the pavement. "It**... it went somewhere,"** she whispered, tasting the metallic fear in her mouth. "The cab driver, he looked... like he was watching it leave." ripe ,and clear as the kids piled onto the bus after the school dance. Laughter filled the